Warriors Of The Night

When stormy winds in autumn Brings smell of snow and ice The master of the golden hall will rise

Gathering dead warriors Death virgins at his side Across the rainbow bridge they will ride

Proud he's sitting on his horse Looks to his wild brood With the power of providence They'll ride soon

He held up high his spear This is the final sign The golden gates are opened wide

Down to Midgard High in the sky With his wild hunt He will ride

He summons now the warriors of the night Feel the burning touch of Odin

(you hear) the pounding of their hoofs Like thunder in the sky This thunder will call you to look high

Like a magic wind of doom Like a firewall of death Don't look down this is your test

Are you frightened Or are you brave Don't be afraid It's not your grave

He summons now the warriors of the night Feel the burning touch of Odin

An angry wind blows through my hair A touch of greatness in the air I look to the left, to the right I look high up to the sky And the only thing I see Odin on his ride Wizard